

PTSD

Nemzzz

Ayy, no one checked on me when I needed
So I just stack my bread, stay in my bag and not in my feelings
Overthink too much, I get distracted, start to deep it
Ayy, me, I just deal with people exactly how they treat me

On the block, ain't nothin' but yutes tryna be bad and hoes tha
t act up
I been obsessed with money, I knew I would get my stack up
I ain't lackin' on my own, I got me, no back up
They talkin' on me and none of it factual
Meanwhile, bro in the bando, hopin' fed don't raid his yard
Ayy, she like, "Boy, you toxic, you ain't got no heart"
Get let down when you love too hard
A hundred roses ain't gonna fix it, maybe a Chanel bag

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Don't dial my phone, I'm busy
Ayy, not right now, I'm busy
I'm not outside, but after I make this play, I'll go get litty
Bad B still wanna link me, but guess what? Not today
Try and block my shine, ayy, bro, get out the way
You man beef, ain't got no income, that shit dead to me (Dead t
o me)
I know that hoes still want a reaction, you lot be temptin' me
(Temptin' me)
I know that I hurt, I cut you off, now you wanna get to me (Get
to me)
Stop that separately, ask me how I am, don't mentally

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(ZEL, this shit crazy)